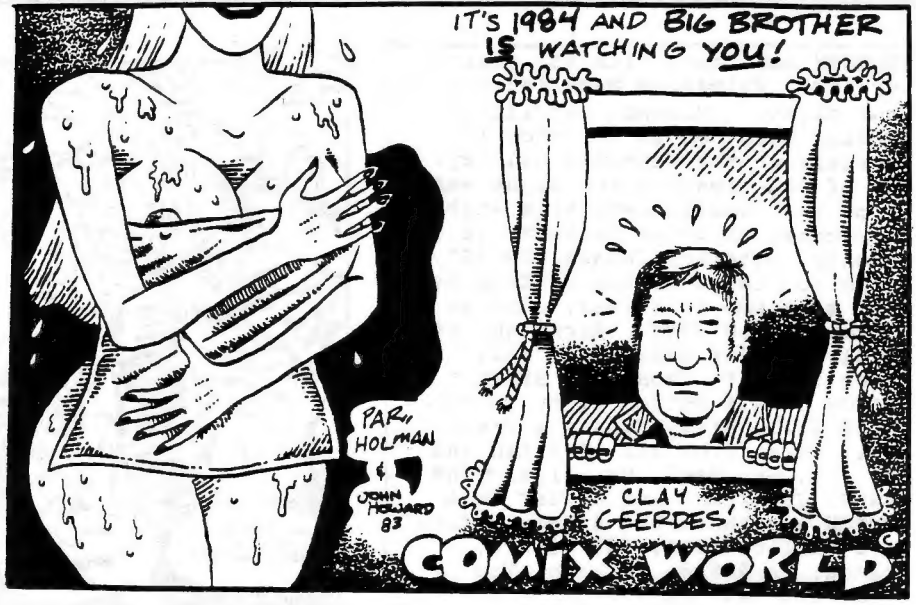
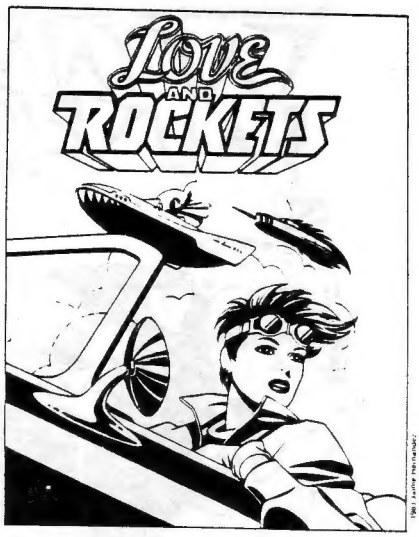
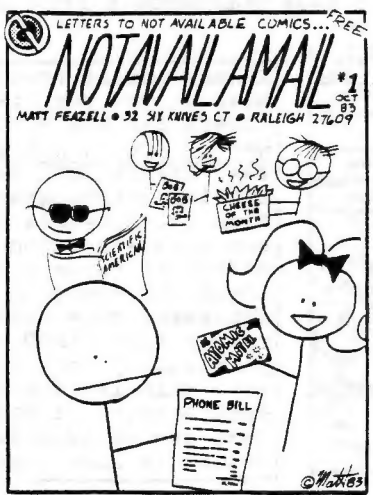




COMIX WORLD 228. January, 1984. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Logo by Par Holman and John Howard. Subs: $6 for 24 issues/$11 for 48 (U.S. only Plugs: two copies. If you want to see the cover run, send a 2x2 stat with your copies. Regular ads $3-10. Query.* The Aardvark is Cerebus from #56 © Dave Sim. LOVE AND ROCKETS drops to $1.95 with issue #5. The mag will go bi-monthly. Highly recommended. The Hernandez Brothers are definitely in the top ten. The panel next to Cerebus is from #4.* Last Gasp had a beer party, December 16, and celebrated WEIRDO 9, Bode's EROTICA, a 1984 ZIPPY Calendar, and some other items.* The new GAY COMIX is on sale in the local stores for those of you so inclined.* Steve Willis wrote me: "Bruce Chrislip came over from Seattle and joined me in attending a lecture by R. Crumb here at Washington State. It was fun, but I had the impression that many in the audience had never seen much of his work before, the student paper didn't print a word about his visit. I used to wonder what we're coming to, but now I think we're already there.." Well, relax, folks. Ugs are really underground now--no ads around. Only the truly hip know where they are and how to get them. How about TRULY HIP COMIX and STORIES? Get on it. In a few years, I predict that ugs will be rediscovered and start selling like old Kellogg's Pep Pins. Meanwhile, get into Newave. Steve Willis has OUTSIDE-IN 8 for 50/st. 385 1/2 Irving, Pullman, WA 99163.* THE MANY FACES OF HAROLD is a collage, photo mini by Tracy Thore, 3200 Jackson Farm Road, Hopewell, VA 23860. 25/st.* STAR TRUCK is $2pp. Collection of stuff by Doug Holverson. 8 1/2 x 11. R R 1, Soldier, Ia 51572. Ask Doug about CAPTAIN SAUCER and his other pubs.* SHIT KICKIN' FUN WITH FRED COMIX is 25/st from Holverson.* NUCLEAR COMICS 4 and 5 $1.37 from Paul Cartmill, #205, 735 Royal Avenue, New Westminster B C, Canada V3M 1J6.

Who lives at 109 Ramblewood #32 in the midst of ol'Raleigh, N C 27609? Matt Feazell, that's who. Send him $1 and get some samples of hot minis and a free NOTAVAILAMAIL. Matt has a story in STEELDRAGON STORIES 1. $2, box 7253 Powderhorn Sta, Mpls, MN 55407. 32pp.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HOW ILLOGICAL!

JOURNEY continues with #5. That's our hero, Wolverine MacAlistaire to your right.* Michael Merrill is putting together an art show in February at the Grunwald Gallery. Any of you newavers who might want in on that should send nice stats to Michael at 1002A Bathurst St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5R 3G7.* Watch for tapes of the CEREBUS Radio Show sometime this year. SASE to R. Lewis, POB 27854, Richmond, VA 23261. Ask for catalog of mail order zines.* Those are STEEL DRAGON panels bottom left. * THE WHITE SUIT, Billy Fugate's great mini. 50/st from him 1685 Ashland Ave # 1, St. Paul, MN 55104. * THE DINER, JENNIFER, and CHRIST ON A CRUTCH are three 5x8 4 pagers from Pizz Publications, 369 Pixley, Orange, CA 92666. 75 each. Too high, but nice artwork.* A RAW one-shot on sale in local stores.*

CON RAP. Actually, I had a good time at BAY CON, but I can't help ruminating on things, so... Comic books are the eight-year-old's Junk. The Designer Jeans concept is now applied to comic books. The new reader wants to be seen reading the right title, standing in the right autograph line. Are you anybody? He's more concerned with format than content. Sneers at ugs and newaves because they are funny sizes or not in color or not on Baxter Paper--hell, Baxter Paper is deadly for the trip. Those books will be around in mint condition when your grandchildren get ready to play the game. What good is a comic that won't rot on you? I love it when I see a dealer sniffing for mildew. The new groupie is into quantity, too; if his competitor has four mint X-Men 94s, he's got to shoot for five. Big bucks. Snare these young status-seekers and turn them on and it's ten years of business. You have to go esoteric, too; collect weird stuff. "Why, do you realize he's got a cocktail napkin Frank Frazetta blew his nose on back at the Seuling Con in '74?" "Hell, that's nothing, I know an artist whose wife sweeps up his pencil shavings and sells them at cons for $5 an ounce." "So what? Jay Lynch has six quarts of Howard Hughes piss. I read about it in OUI." Guy comes up to me at a con and insists I'm Gene Roddenberry (Majel Garrett, Ms. Roddenberry, was upstairs rapping away about THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK.). I said no, I'm not him, but this guy wasn't going to let me off that easily--He knew Gene Roddenberry when he saw him, and I could see his telephoto lens snaking through a hedge near the parking lot. I knew he was snapping off a few for SPACE GLUT or some other celeb-expo mag--made me wonder how often Roddenberry gets mistaken for me. Ach. Fandom. Originally, the fan came into being because of the character. The boys loved Superman, so they put towels around their necks and flew up and down their front sidewalks fighting crime, but I can't remember anyone in my childhood ever buying more than one copy of an issue of SUPERMAN. No one even THOUGHT of it. Or of buying every issue. Who had the money? I got an allowance of .50 a week and that meant 5 funnybooks or some candy or...now, I could collect if I focussed on the quarterlies, four SUPERMANS a year, I could work that. Problem was the fights. I saw a neighborhood kid tear up SUPERMAN 5 in front of me, because he was mad at me for pointing out what a dumb asshole he was. My brother wound up with half of Action 8 and my sister got the other half. There were no plastic bags in those days. Comics were trash and if you didn't watch yours day and night, they were tossed out with the rest of the papers. It was character that sold the comics. Superman, Little Lulu, Uncle Scrooge--the comics didn't need a lot of hype. Today's pantheon of superheroes and barbarians are all carbon copies of each other and the stories get so long and convoluted no one but the truly insane ever finishes them. It's a market glutted with mediocre ideas and velopticon art. I remember a time when the characters sprang into being to fill a need; today, they are superfluous, television being the major medium of information. Today, it's all so impersonal, so cut and dried. It's not like the kids really care. They've bought the hype. SHAZAMS and HOWARD THE DUCKS collect dust in their basements. Hey, if it says COLLECTOR'S ITEM ON THE COVER, IT AIN'T COLLECTIBLE!

THIS IS NO GAME, MS. MORNINGSONG. GIVE UP THE EARRING.
OR DIE.
VERY FUNNY. LOOK, IF YOU WANT OUR HELP, TRY A LITTLE HUMAN CONSIDERATION.
UH, MAYA, MAYBE WE SHOULD GIVE HIM...

Albany artist Raoul Vezina died. He was 35, known to most of you for his work on SMILIN' ED, but to older timers for NEW PALTZ COMIX. I always liked Vezina's work. Art is not an easy life as we all know.*

Yes, INSIDE JOKE is still happening and I still do my regular autobiographical pieces there. $1 for a sample from l'encroyable Elayne Wechsler, PO Box 1609, Madison Square Station, New York, N Y 10159. Elayne can't afford to trade for zines right now, so best not ask.* Loved the scene in SCARFACE where Pacino tells off the repressed upper-class, as good as Brando mooning them out in LAST TANGO. It's basically a male film though, particulary for those who hate women. Why not update your thinking about women, Brian? This one is a bloody version of BORN YESTERDAY with an absurd ending. What are we supposed to think? That murdering coke dealer is some kind of avenging Angel? Horseshit. C.G.